Kitchen Privileges

The dirty t-shirt lifts his
eggs to smellier heights.

“Hey Mac! Like, don't fry them
to extinction. Give some-
body else a shot at the stove.”

Easy familiarity at these places
as you're informed to cool it.

Could be nut, someday.
Who stabs. One, perhaps,
you've cut in front before.

Nothing in their heads
but trash, and
they remember.